

# The Dreadnaught

*William Prosser*

*Collected by James Madison Carpenter, Royal Alfred, Belvedere, 1928*

*James Madison Carpenter MSS Collection (JMC/1/5/4/A, JMC/1/1/4/D)*

*Roud 924*



1. Oh its of a flash packet, a packet of fame,  
She hales from NewYork, and the Dreadnaught's her name;  
She sails the Atlantic where the stormy winds blow,  
Bound away in the Dreadnaught, to the westward we'll go.
2. Oh now we are hauling in the Liverpool dock  
Where the boys and the girls all around us do flock,  
They give ug three cheers while the tears down do flow,  
Bound away in the Dreadnaught, to the westward we'll go.
3. Oh now she is riding in the river Mercee,  
Waiting for the Constitution to tow her to sea;  
She ploughs by the Black Rock where the tide out does flow,  
Bound away in the Dreadnaught, to the westward we'll go.
4. Oh now we are sailing by the wild Newfoundland,  
Where the waters are green and the bottom is sand;  
And the codfish are rising ag they swim to and fro,

Bound away---

5. And now we are sailing down the Long Island shore  
The pilot he boards us, as he's oft done before;  
Cries "Haul up your mainsails, your topsails also,  
She's a real Black Ball liner, God knows, let her go.
6. Now here's to Captain Samuels and the girl I love best  
— — — — —for the Dreadnaught as she sails to the west.